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# POEMS

BY THE

REV. THOMAS PENROSE,

LATE RECTOR OF

BECKINGTON AND STANDERWICK,

*SOMERSETSHIRE.*

---

EFFUGIUNT AVIDOS CARMINA SOLA ROGOS.

OVID.

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LONDON:

PRINTED FOR J. WALTER, CHARING-CROSS.

M,DCC,LXXXI.

G R III
BRITISH MUSEUM

# INTRODUCTION.

THOSE who peruſe the following Poems, may perhaps find themſelves ſufficiently intereſted in them, to wiſh for ſome account of their Author.

HE was the ſon of the Reverend Mr. PENROSE, Rector of Newbury, Berks; a man of high character and abilities, deſcended from an ancient Corniſh family, beloved and reſpected by all who knew him; Mr. PENROSE, jun. being intended for the Church, purſued his ſtudies with ſucceſs, at Chriſt Church Oxon, until the ſummer of 1762, when his eager turn to the Naval

and Military line overpowering his attachment to his real intereſt, he left his College, and embarked in the unfortunate expedition againſt Nova Colonia, in South America, under the command of Captain Macnamara. The iſſue was fatal.—The Clive, (the largeſt veſſel) was burnt—And though the Ambuſcade eſcaped, (on board of which Mr. PENROSE, acting as Lieutenant of Marines, was wounded) yet the hardſhips which he afterwards ſuſtained in a prize ſloop, in which he was ſtationed, utterly ruined his conſtitution. Returning to England, with ample teſtimonials of his gallantry and good behaviour, he finiſhed, at Hertford College, Oxon, his courſe of ſtudies; and, having taken Orders, accepted the curacy of Newbury, the income of which, by the voluntary ſubſcription of the inhabitants, was conſiderably augmented. After he had continued in that ſtation about nine years, it ſeemed as if the clouds of diſappointment,

diſappointment, which had hitherto overſhadowed his proſpects, and tinctured his Poetical Eſſays with gloom, were clearing away; for he was then preſented by a friend, who knew his worth, and honoured his abilities, to a living worth near 500l. per annum. It came however too late; for the ſtate of Mr. PENROSE's health was now ſuch as left little hope, except in the aſſiſtance of the waters of Briſtol. Thither he went, and there he died, in 1779, aged 36 years. In 1768, he married Miſs Mary Slocock, of Newbury, by whom he had one child, Thomas, now on the foundation of Winton College.

MR. PENROSE was reſpected for his extenſive erudition, admired for his eloquence, and equally beloved and eſteemed for his ſocial qualities.—By the poor, towards whom he was liberal to his utmoſt ability, he was venerated to the higheſt degree. In oratory and compoſition

compoſition his talents were great.—His pencil was ready as his pen, and on ſubjects of humour had uncommon merit. To his poetical abilities, the Public, by their reception of his *Flights of Fancy*, &c. have given a favourable teſtimony. To ſum up the whole, his figure and addreſs were as pleaſing as his mind was ornamented.

Such was Mr. Penrose; to whoſe memory I pay this juſt and willing tribute, and to whom I conſider it as an honour to be related.

Multis ille bonis flebilis occidit——
Nulli flebilior quam mihi.

J. P. ANDREWS.

The Grove, Nov. 1781.

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# POEMS, &c.

## Addreſſed to Three Ladies, on the DEATH of a favourite PARROQUET.

DEEP from your hallow'd, ſilent ſhades
Attend, attend, ye tuneful maids;
Ye Muſes, haſte along.
Inſpire the tender, moving lay,
For ſurely ſuch a mournful day
Demands a ſerious ſong.

See where with Pity's force oppreſt,
(While riſing ſorrows heave each breaſt)
Three gentle Siſters weep.
See how they point with ſtreaming eyes,
Where PARROQUETTA ſlumb'ring lies,
Her laſt, eternal ſleep.

In vain the pride of Beauty's bloom,
The vivid dye, the varied plume
O'er her fair form were ſpread:
In vain the ſcarlet's bluſhing ray,
Bright as the orient beam of day,
Adorn'd her lovely head.

Love, beauty, youth, perfection, — all
Together undiſtinguiſh'd fall
Before the oppoſing Fates.
The liſping tongue, the ſilver hairs,
One common ruin overbears,
One common lot awaits.

Then

Then calm, dear Maids, your woes to peace,
With unavailing ſorrow ceaſe
Your Favourite to deplore;
For know, the time will ſurely come
When *you* (tho' now in beauty's bloom)
When *you* ſhall charm no more.

Learn then your moments to employ
In virtuous love, in Hymen's joy,
Ere yet thoſe moments fly;
For Fate has doom'd this lot ſevere,
The brighteſt Belle, the lovelieſt Fair,
Like Parroquetes, muſt die.

## Written Friday Evening, February 5, 1762, in the Cloyſters of Chriſt Church, Oxon;

### On being diſappointed of going to the

### ASSEMBLY at NEWBURY, BERKS.

LOUD howl the winds around this awful pile,
A duſky light the pale-ey'd moon-beams ſhed;
While I amid the long-drawn cloyſter'd Ile,
Silent and ſad the letter'd pavement tread.

Where, low in earth——ah! never more to riſe,
Unnotic'd, unregarded, and unknown,
Full many a ſhrouded ſtudent ſleeping lies,
O'er whom ſtill weeps the monumental ſtone.

Here,

Here, as I pace the hallow'd gloom along,
Where at this hour no other foot dares rove,
Quick on my mind what dear ideas throng,
How heaves my heart, and melts with faithful love.

See, ſee my CHLOE riſes to my view,
In all the pride of youth and Virtue's charms!
Swift as the winds the fair one I purſue,
But claſp an empty phantom to my arms.

Methinks I ſee the dance's circling round,
The chearful muſick, hark! methinks, I hear!
The viol ſweet, and hautboy's gladſome ſound,
And ſprightly tabor ſtrike my wond'ring ear.

But ah! again the pleaſing dream is gone;
Swift as the gales, ſee, ſee, it flies away;
And leaves me wretched, darkling, and alone
Amidſt this melancholy ſcene to ſtray.

O! hear, ye Gods, accept my humble pray'r!
Grant me, O! grant my heart's fond, beſt deſire;
Give to my faithful arms, my conſtant Fair;
Give this——nor wealth, nor honours I require.

To

## To Miss SLOCOCK.

Written on board the Ambuſcade, Jan. 6th 1763, a ſhort Time before the Attack of Nova Colonia do Sacramento, in the river of Plate.

THE Fates ordain, we muſt obey;
This, this is doom'd to be the day;
The hour of war draws near.
The eager crew with buſy care
Their inſtruments of death prepare,
And baniſh every fear.

The martial trumpets call to arms,
Each breaſt with ſuch an ardor warms,
As Britons only know.
The flag of battle waving high,
Attracts with joy each Briton's eye;
With terror ſtrikes the foe.

Amidſt this nobly awful ſcene,
Ere yet fell ſlaughter's rage begin,
Ere Death his conqueſts ſwell,
Let me to Love this tribute pay,
For POLLY frame the parting lay;
Perhaps my laſt farewell.

For ſince full low among the dead,
Muſt many a gallant youth be laid,
Ere this day's work be o'er:
Perhaps e'en I, with joyful eyes
That ſaw this morning's ſun ariſe,
Shall ſee it ſet no more.

My love that ever burnt ſo true,
That but for thee no wiſhes knew;
My heart's fond, beſt deſire!
Shall be remember'd e'en in death,
And only with my lateſt breath,
With life's laſt pang expire.

And when, dear Maid, my fate you hear,
(Sure love like mine demands one tear,
Demands one heart-felt ſigh)
My paſt ſad errors, O forgive,
Let my few virtues only live,
My follies with me die.

But, hark! the voice of battle calls;
Loud thund'ring from the tow'ry walls
Now roars the hoſtile gun,
Adieu, dear Maid!—with ready feet,
I go prepar'd the worſt to meet,
Thy will, O God, be done!

ELEGY

# ELEGY

On leaving the River of Plate, after the unſucceſsful Attack of Nova Colonia do Sacramento, by the Lord Clive of 64 Guns, the Ambuſcade of 40, and the Gloria of 38; in which the former was unfortunately burnt, with the greateſt part of her Crew; and the two latter obliged to retire in a very ſhattered condition.

I.

WHILE the torn veſſel ſtems her lab'ring way,
Ere yon blue hills ſink ever from my view;
Let me to ſorrow raiſe the tribute lay;
And take of them my long, my laſt adieu.

II.

Adieu! ye walls; thou fatal ſtream farewel;
By war's ſad chance beneath whoſe muddy wave
Full many a gallant youth untimely fell,
Full many a Britain found an early grave.

III. Beneath

III.

Beneath thy tide, ah! ſilent now they roll,
Or ſtrew with mangled limbs thy ſandy ſhore;
The trumpet's call no more awakes their ſoul!
The battle's voice they now ſhall hear no more.

IV.

In vain the conſtant wife and feeble ſire,
Expectant wiſh their lov'd return to ſee;
In vain their infants' liſping tongues enquire,
And wait the ſtory on their father's knee.

V.

Ah! nought avails their anxious, buſy care;
Far, far, they lie, on hoſtile ſeas they fell;
The wife's, ſire's, infant's joy no more to ſhare,
The tale of glorious deeds no more to tell.

VI.

Learn then, ye Fair, for others woes to feel,
Let the ſoft tear bedew the ſparkling eye;
When the brave periſh for their country's weal,
'Tis pity's debt to heave the heartfelt ſigh.

VII.

Ah! glorious DRAKE! far other lot was thine,
Fate gave to thee to quell the hoſtile pride;
To ſeize the treaſures of POTOSI's mine,
And ſail triumphant o'er LA PLATA's tide.

VIII.

But Providence, on ſecret wonders bent,
Conceals its purpoſes from mortal view;
And Heaven, no doubt with ſome allwiſe intent,
Deny'd to numbers what it gave to few.

# ELEGY

## To the Memory of Miſs MARY PENROSE,

Who died December 18, 1764, in the Nineteenth Year of her Age.

HEARD ye the bell from yonder duſky tower?
Deep, deep it tolls the ſummons of the dead;
And marks with ſullen note the ſolemn hour,
That calls MARIA to her earthy bed.

O! come, ye mournful virgin train, attend,
With muſing ſtep the hallow'd place draw near,
View there your once-lov'd, happy, blooming friend,
Now ſilent, ſlumb'ring on the ſable bier.

Come

Come ye, who join'd in friendſhip's ſacred tie,
With her engag'd in pleaſure's guiltleſs ſcene;
Who ſhar'd with her the tender, ſocial joy;
Wove the gay dance, or trod the flow'ry green:

Mark here, O! mark, how chang'd, how alter'd lies
The breaſt that once with youth's warm tide beat high;
Read your own fate in her's;—in time be wiſe,
And from her bright example learn to die.

Like drooping lillies cropt by wint'ry wind,
For fate has doom'd the hour when die *you* muſt,
Muſt leave the world's fantaſtic dreams behind,
And ſleep, and mingle with your parent duſt.

Say, are *your* forms with youth's ſoft graces dreſt?
Say, are they ting'd with beauty's brighteſt bloom?
So once was her's—by *you*—by all confeſt,
'Till death untimely ſwept her to the tomb.

Her

Her eyes beam'd out how innocent, how meek!
At whoſe rebuke vice ſhrunk abaſh'd and pale;
Like vernal Roſes bluſh'd her modeſt cheek,
Like them as lovely, and like them as frail.

How was ſhe ſkill'd the ſofteſt breaſts to move!
Of hardeſt hearts the paſſions rough to bend!
How was ſhe ſkill'd to win the general love!
How form'd to bleſs the huſband or the friend!

With meek-ſoul'd charity, with pitying hands,
To miſery oft her little ſtore ſhe gave;
Now ſhe herſelf our flowing tears demands,
And bids our pious drops bedew her grave.

There on her duſty couch in firm repoſe,
Deaf to our call, the clay-cold ſlumb'rer lies;
Her beauty faded like the blaſted roſe,
Mute her ſweet tongue, and clos'd her radiant eyes.

Full many an hour of agonizing pain
*She*, patient ſufferer, bore her lot ſevere;
Well did the anguiſh of her ſoul reſtrain,
Nor dropt one female, one repining tear.

'Midſt life's laſt pangs Religion lent her aid,
And wip'd with lenient hand her miſty eyes;
With bleſt aſſurance chear'd the pain-worn maid,
And bad her hopes high-ſoaring reach the ſkies.

There now, enroll'd with heavenly angels bright,
Whoſe hallow'd hymns their Maker's glories raiſe,
She ſhines, refulgent in the blaze of light,
And ſwells with raptur'd voice the note of praiſe.

Look down, bleſt Saint, O! turn a pitying eye!
If yet in Heav'n a brother's name be dear:
In the dread hour of danger be thou nigh,
And lead me far from vice's baneful ſnare.

Teach

Teach me, whate'er my future lot ſhall be,
To *God's* juſt Will my being to reſign:
Teach me to ſail thro' life's tempeſtuous ſea:
And like *thy* lateſt parting hour be mine.

C TO

# TO
# MY DEAREST WIFE,
## ON OUR
# WEDDING-DAY.

THE happy Morn's arriv'd at laſt,
That binds our nuptial union faſt;
And knits our plighted vows in one,
With bonds that ne'er can be undone.
Can I be backward then, to pay
The tribute of this joyful day?
Can I refuſe my voice to raiſe,
And hymn to God the ſong of praiſe?
No—ſurely gratitude demands
This humble action from my hands,
And bids me bleſs that God who gave
Safe paſſage o'er the ſtormy wave,

Who

Who turn'd the ſhafts of war aſide,
And bleſs'd me with ſo lov'd a Bride.
O! be that ſeaſon ne'er forgot,
When Hope itſelf could flatter not,
When doubts were all my ſoul's employ,
Nor dar'd I paint the preſent joy.
But yet, my Love, be mine the blame,
Thy goodneſs ever was the ſame;
The fault was mine, miſguided youth!
When Folly held the place of Truth.
And Vice and Error's ſyren ſmile,
My artleſs boſom did beguile.
What, though by heedleſs heat miſled
To war, and foreign climes I fled,
Forſook thy love, and peaceful eaſe,
And plough'd, long plough'd the Southern ſeas;
Yet, though unworthy of thy care,
Thy kind, dear, love, purſu'd me there.
And 'midſt the battle's horrid ſtrife,
Thy tender pray'r preſerv'd my life.

God heard thy pray'rs, my heart's lov'd queen,
*His* ſhield protected me unſeen,
*His* favour kept me ſafe from harms,
And lodg'd me in thy faithful arms.
Be 't then my taſk, with grateful breaſt
To huſh thy ev'ry care to reſt,
And make thee, while thy love ſurvives,
The happieſt of all happy Wives.
Yes, yes, my dear, the nuptial vow
Shall ever bind as ſtrong as now;
My duty I ſhall ne'er forego,
No change, no other wiſh I'll know;
But ſtill I'll prove to life's laſt end,
The kindeſt Huſband, trueſt Friend.

# FLIGHTS OF FANCY.

VIZ.

THE HELMETS,

CAROUSAL OF ODIN,

MADNESS,

ADDRESS TO THE GENIUS OF BRITAIN.

# THE HELMETS,

## A FRAGMENT.

*The Scene of the following Event is laid in the neighbourhood of* Donnington Caſtle, *in a Houſe built after the Gothic taſte upon a ſpot famous for a bloody encounter between the Armies of* CHARLES *and the Parliament.*

*The Prognoſtication alludes to Civil Diſſention, which ſome have foretold would ariſe in England, in conſequence of the diſputes with America.*

—'TWAS midnight—every mortal eye was clos'd
Thro' the whole manſion—ſave an antique Crone's,
That o'er the dying embers faintly watch'd
The broken ſleep (fell harbinger of Death)
Of a ſick Boteler.—Above indeed
In a drear gall'ry (lighted by one lamp
Whoſe wick the poor departing Seneſchall
Did cloſely imitate,) pac'd ſlow and ſad

The village Curate, waiting late to ſhrive
The Penitent when 'wake. Scarce ſhew'd the ray
To fancy's eye, the pourtray'd characters
That grac'd the wall—On this and t'other ſide
Suſpended, nodded o'er the ſteepy ſtair,
In many a trophy form'd, the knightly groupe
Of helms and targets, gauntlets, maces ſtrong,
And horſes' furniture—brave monvments
Of ancient Chivalry.—Thro' the ſtain'd pane
Low gleam'd the Moon—not bright—but of ſuch pow'r
As marked the clouds, black, threatning over head,
Full miſchief-fraught;—from theſe in many a peal
Growl'd the near thunder—flaſh'd the frequent blaze
Of light'ning blue.—While round the fretted dome
The wind ſung ſurly: with unuſual clank
The armour ſhook tremendous:—On a couch
Plac'd in the oriel *, ſunk the Churchman down;
For who, alone, at that dread hour of night,
Could bear portentous prodigy?——

* Oriel. A projecting Window.

"I hear,

" I hear it," cries the proudly gilded Caſque
(Fill'd by the ſoul of one, who erſt took joy
In ſlaught'rous deeds) " I hear amidſt the gale
" The hoſtile ſpirit ſhouting—once—once more
" In the thick harveſt of the ſpears we'll ſhine—
" There will be work anon."———
———" I'm 'waken'd too,"
Replied the ſable Helmet (tenanted
By a like inmate) " Hark!—I hear the voice
" Of the impatient Ghoſts, who ſtraggling range
" Yon ſummit, (crown'd with ruin'd battlements
" The fruits of civil diſcord) to the din
" The Spirits, wand'ring round this Gothic pile,
" All join their yell—the ſong is war and death—
" There will be work anon."

———" Call armourers, ho!
" Furbiſh my vizor—*cloſe my rivets* up—

" I brook

" I brook no dallying"————

———— " Soft, my haſty friend,"

Said the black Beaver, " Neither of us twain

" Shall ſhare the bloody toil—War-worn am I,

" Bor'd by a happier mace, I let in fate

" To my once maſter,—ſince unſought, unus'd

" Penſile I'm fix'd—yet too your gaudy pride

" Has nought to boaſt,—the faſhion of the fight

" Has thrown your gilt, and ſhady plumes aſide

" For modern foppery ;—ſtill do not frown,

" Nor lour indignantly your ſteely brows,

" We've comfort left enough—The bookman's lore

" Shall trace our ſometime merit ;—in the eye

" Of antiquary taſte we long ſhall ſhine :

" And as the Scholar marks our rugged front,

" He'll ſay, this CRESSY ſaw, that AGINCOURT :

" Thus dwelling on the proweſs of his Fathers,

" He'll venerate their ſhell.—Yet, more than this,

" From our inactive ſtation we ſhall hear

" The

" The groans of butcher'd brothers, ſhrieking plaints
" Of raviſh'd maids, and matrons' frantic howls,
" Already hov'ring o'er the threaten'd lands
" The famiſh'd raven ſnuffs the promis'd feaſt,
" And hoarſlier croaks for blood—'twill flow."

———" Forbid it, Heaven!
" O ſhield my ſuffering Country!—ſhield it," pray'd
The agonizing Prieſt.

THE

# THE CAROUSAL OF ODIN.

FILL the honey'd bev'rage high,
Fill the ſculls, 'tis ODIN's cry:
Heard ye not the powerful call,
Thund'ring thro' the vaulted hall?
"Fill the meath, and ſpread the board,
"Vaſſals of the grieſly Lord."—

The portal hinges grate,—they come—
The din of voices rocks the dome.
In ſtalk the various forms, and dreſt
In various armour, various veſt,
With helm and morion, targe and ſhield,
Some *quivering launces couch*, ſome biting *maces wield*:
*All* march with haughty ſtep, *all* proudly ſhake the creſt.

The

The feaſt begins, the ſcull goes round,
Laughter ſhouts—the ſhouts reſound.
The guſt of war ſubſides—E'en now
The grim chief curls his cheek, and ſmooths his rugged brow.

" Shame to your placid front, ye men of death!"
Cries HILDA, with diſorder'd breath.
Hell echoes back her ſcoff of ſhame
To the inactive rev'ling Champion's name.
" Call forth the ſong," ſhe ſcream'd;—the minſtrels came——
The theme was glorious war, the dear delight
Of ſhining beſt in field, and daring moſt in fight.

" Joy to the ſoul," the Harpers ſung,
" When embattl'd ranks among,
" The ſteel-clad Knight, in vigour's bloom,
(" Banners waving o'er his plume)
" Foremoſt rides, the flower and boaſt
" Of the bold determin'd hoſt!"

With

With greedy ears the gueſts each note devour'd,
Each ſtruck his beaver down, and graſp'd his faithful ſword.
The fury mark'd th' auſpicious deed,
And bad the Scalds proceed.

" Joy to the ſoul! a joy divine!
" When conflicting armies join;
" When trumpets clang, and bugles ſound;
" When ſtrokes of death are dealt around;
" When the ſword feaſts, yet craves for more;
" And every gauntlet drips with gore."—

The charm prevail'd, up ruſh'd the madden'd throng,
Panting for carnage, as they foam'd along,
Fierce ODIN's ſelf led forth the frantic band,
To ſcatter havock wide o'er many a guilty land.

MADNESS.

# MADNESS.

SWELL the clarion, ſweep the ſtring,
Blow into rage the Muſe's fires!
*All* thy anſwers, Eccho, bring,
Let wood and dale, let rock and valley ring,
'Tis MADNESS' ſelf inſpires.

Hail, awful MADNESS, hail!
Thy realm extends, thy powers prevail,
Far as the voyager ſpreads his 'ventrous ſail.
Nor beſt nor wiſeſt are exempt from *thee*;
Folly—Folly's only free.

Hark!—

Hark!—To the aſtoniſh'd ear
The gale conveys a ſtrange tumultuous ſound.
They now approach, they now appear,—
*Phrenzy* leads her *Chorus* near,
And Dæmons dance around.—

Pride—Ambition idly vain,
Revenge, and malice ſwell her train,—
Devotion warp'd—Affection croſt—
Hope in diſappointment loſt—
And injur'd Merit, with a downcaſt eye
(Hurt by neglect) ſlow ſtalking heedleſs by.

Loud the ſhouts of MADNESS riſe,
Various voices, various cries,
Mirth unmeaning—cauſeleſs moans,
Burſts of laughter—heart-felt groans—
*All* ſeem to pierce the ſkies.—

Rough

Rough as the wintry wave, that roars
On THULE's deſart ſhores,
Wild raving to the unfeeling air,
The fetter'd Maniac foams along,
(Rage the burthen of his jarring ſong)
In rage he grinds his teeth, and rends his ſtreaming hair.

No pleaſing memory left—forgotten quite
All former ſcenes of dear delight,
Connubial love—parental joy—
No ſympathies like theſe his ſoul employ,
——But all is dark within, all furious black deſpair.

Not ſo the love-lorn Maid,
By too much tenderneſs betray'd;
Her gentle breaſt no angry paſſion fires,
But ſlighted vows poſſeſs, and fainting, ſoft deſires.

She yet retains her wonted flame,
All—but in reaſon, ſtill the ſame.—
Streaming eyes,
Inceſſant ſighs,
Dim haggard looks, and clouded o'er with care,
Point out to Pity's tears, the poor diſtracted Fair.
Dead to the world—her fondeſt wiſhes croſt,
She mourns herſelf thus early loſt.—

Now, ſadly gay, of ſorrows paſt ſhe ſings,
Now, penſive, ruminates unutterable things.
She ſtarts—ſhe flies—who dares ſo rude
On her ſequeſter'd ſteps intrude?—

'Tis he—the MOMUS of the flighty train—
Merry miſchief fills his brain.
Blanket-rob'd, and antic crown'd,
The mimick monarch ſkips around;

Big with conceit of dignity he ſmiles,
And plots his frolics quaint, and unſuſpected
wiles.—

Laughter was there—but mark that groan,
Drawn from the inmoſt ſoul!
"Give the knife, Demons, or the poiſon'd bowl,
"To finiſh miſeries equal to your own."—

Who's this wretch, with horror wild?—
—'Tis Devotion's ruin'd child.—
Sunk in the emphaſis of grief,
Nor can he feel, nor dares he aſk relief.—

Thou, fair Religion, waſt deſign'd,
Duteous daughter of the ſkies,
To warm and chear the human mind,
To make men happy, good, and wiſe.

To point where ſits, in love array'd,
Attentive to each ſuppliant call,
The God of univerſal aid,
The God, the Father of us all.

Firſt ſhewn by thee, thus glow'd the gracious ſcene,
'Till Superſtition, fiend of woe,
Bade doubts to riſe, and tears to flow,
And ſpread deep ſhades our view and heaven between.

Drawn by her pencil the Creator ſtands,
(His beams of mercy thrown aſide)
With thunder arming his uplifted hands,
And hurling vengeance wide.
Hope, at the frown aghaſt, yet ling'ring, flies,
And daſh'd on Terror's rocks, Faith's beſt dependence lies.

But ah !—too thick they croud,—too cloſe they throng,
Objects of pity and affright !—
Spare farther the deſcriptive ſong—
Nature ſhudders at the ſight.—
Protract not, curious ears, the mournful tale,
But o'er the hapleſs groupe, low drop Compaſſion's veil.

# ADDRESS

## TO THE

# GENIUS OF BRITAIN.

COME, genial ſpirit, to the earneſt call
Of the true Patriot! whereſoe'er thou art,
O! mark the ſummons! whether airy borne
In haſty progreſs, pleas'd thou ſkimm'ſt the edge
Of the white bulwark; from the ſteepy height
Kenning the azure wave, thy own domain;
While on the pebbled ſhore, ſcarce heard ſo high,
The ſurf breaks foaming. In the diſtant view
Full frequent paſs the womby labourers
Of Commerce, or the gaily-floating pride

Of

Of naval armament.—Or whether deep
In midland occupation glad thou ſeeſt
The various labours of the chearful Loom;
Or Agriculture whiſtling at the plough.
Whether the Anvil-notes engage thy ſtay,
(Tho' diſſonant, yet muſic to the ear
Of him who knows his country;) or the hum
Of the thick crouded Burſe;—come and attend
To BRITAIN's general good! 'Tis not the ſhout,
The din of Clamour, drunk with factious rage,
That hails thee; nor the well-diſſembling tongue
Of maſk'd Sedition, whoſe envenom'd rant
Urges the Croud to madneſs.—Not to theſe
Liſt heedful.—'Tis the cool perſuaſive voice
Of Reaſon wooes.—Quick then with brighteſt ſmiles
Of mild Humanity adorn thy cheek:
Straight o'er the Atlantic ſurge, with anxious haſte,
Seek out thy penſive daughter;—once as dear

And cloſely twining round thy milky breaſt,
As was AUGUSTA's ſelf.—Yet now eſtrang'd—
Unhappily eſtrang'd! O by the hand
Take the fair Mourner; from her tearful eye
Wipe the dim cloud of Sorrow;—to the throne
Preſent her reconciling.—'Tis a boon,
Moſt glorious boon, that to our lateſt ſons
Will render thy ſoft influence doubly dear.
Look back, unmov'd by prejudice, look back
To Memory's mirrour. Pictur'd there we ſee
The happy times of Concord; when the arm
Of Manufacture ply'd the buſy taſk
In various employment:—thro' the eye
Beam'd Chearfulneſs, while all around her ſons
Glad Induſtry pour'd forth from Plenty's horn
Abundant wealth:—hence to the crouded port
Paſs, Thought, and mark the ants of Commerce ſtore
The ſpacious hold; light ran the toilſome day,

Cheer'd

Cheer'd by the hope of the honeſt recompence.
The bark unmoor'd, ſee how the feſtive crew
Urg'd on her ſpeedy courſe; not ſad to quit
Their native ſoil, for in thoſe happier days
AMERICA was home. There on the ſhore
Stood Expectation, friendly by her ſide
Smil'd Hoſpitality, with open breaſt,
Pleas'd to receive the ſea-beat traveller:
Cheriſh'd, enrich'd that traveller return'd
Bleſſing his double country.—Theſe thy ſweets,
Fraternal intercourſe! But ah! how chang'd,
How ſadly chang'd is now the preſent ſcene,
Pregnant with future griefs! In ſullen ſtate
Beneath the gloomy roofs dull Silence reigns,
Which erſt in better times, reſounded quick
With ſtrokes of active buſineſs: at the forge,
Extinct, in penſive poverty the ſmith
Deſponding leans, incapable to earn

The morrow's morſel, while with craving eye
Look up the wife and child, but look in vain,
Faint with deſpair.—O'er the deſerted loom
The ſpider forms her web, poor evidence
Of human ſloth or want.—Fain would the Muſe
Suppreſs the mournful truth; yet forc'd to tell,
She weeps while ſhe relates—How are they fall'n,
The ſons of Labour, from their proſp'rous ſtate
Degraded! How, alas! the crouded jail
Swarms with inhabitants, that once had hope
Of fairer evenings to their toilſome morn!
Fill'd is each cell of ſorrow and of pain
With daily victims:—debtors part, entomb'd
While living, and condemn'd to linger on
To life's laſt ebb, unpity'd, unreliev'd:
Part felons, ſtamp'd the foes of ſocial life
By Penury's rough hand, and driven to roam
The ſpoilers of the wealthy.—To diſtreſs

Abandon'd,

Abandon'd, ſcarce the ruin'd mind perceives
It's own peculiar ſorrows; but ſinks down
The creditor's fix'd prey—or to the law
Submits the needful ſacrifice.—Sad fate
Of thoſe, whom Heaven deſign'd their country's boaſt,
The artizans of ſkill.—Nor on the banks
Of venerable THAMES does woe preſide
Leſs perilous;—THAMES, the prolific ſire
Of BRITAIN's wealth: along his winding ſhores,
Unoccupy'd, moor'd to deſtructive ſloth,
Whole fleets lie periſhing, a foreſt, true,
But ſtill a blaſted foreſt: gloomy ſtalks
The unſhipp'd mariner, and meditates
On foreign ſervice.—Should ſome child of Hope,
Lur'd by the pleaſing retroſpect, once more
Spread his broad ſail acroſs the well-known ſea;
Should he, amidſt the wonders of the deep,
Give way to Fancy's dream, and fondly truſt

To meet his wonted greeting: how recoils
The viſionary voyage!—Not on the beach
Sit waiting Love and Amity to graſp
His hand, and lead him to their open bower.
No thronging crowds his proffer'd mart attend
With various traffic:—fled—affrighted—fled,
Are all the little deities, that once
Kind, o'er the ſocial and commercial board
Hung hovering: in their room, ſad change! appear
Stern Reſolution, ſtoick Stubbornneſs,
And Independence;—in his hand each holds
His weapon, jealous of the paſſing breeze,
And deaf to ancient friendſhip.—In this pauſe,
This ſolemn pauſe, that halts 'tween peace and war,
O fly, bleſt ſpirit, in the royal ear
Whiſper forgiveneſs;—'midſt the high beheſts
Of juſtice, let our ever-gracious Sire
Forget not Mercy;—'tis the brighteſt gem

That

That decks the monarch's crown: nor thou, great
GEORGE,
Diſdain the Muſe's prayer; moſt loyal ſhe
In mild ſubjection down the tide of life,
Steers her light ſkiff.—Urg'd by the plaintive call
Of meek Humanity, O! pardon, now
If warm ſhe pleads her cauſe.—The ſavage race,
That prowl the deſert, or that range the wood,
Are won to tameneſs by the attentive care
Of the kind gentle keeper.—Shame not man,
Nor ſay *his* heart's more fell:—'Tis eaſier far
To ſooth by tenderneſs, than awe by pow'r.
Quit then the bloody purpoſe, nor perſiſt
To *conquer*, when the field is fairer gain'd
By reconciling.—To the ungrateful toil
Commiſſion'd, ſhuddering beats the ſoldier's heart.
Not ſo, when from the plough in eager haſte,
Rous'd by the call to arms, the ſhouting bands

Ruſh'd

Ruſh'd emulous, reluctant none, nor held
By loves or home ;—each burning to ſupply
The waſte of war, and anxious to advance
The common glory.—Spiritleſs now and ſad
Embark the deſtin'd troops: the veteran brave,
That dauntleſs bore the variegated woes
Of long-protracted war:—the veteran brave,
That won on many a plain the bloody palm
Of Victory, amidſt the dying groans
Of ſlaughter'd thouſands firmly undiſmay'd ;
Now hangs in tender thought his honeſt front,
Averſe to ſlay his brother:—at the word,
(*Awful*, yet *ſacred* to his patient ear)
He lifts indeed the ſteel, while down his cheek
The big drop flows, nor more he dreads the wound
That bores his vitals, than the ſtroke he gives.
Say therefore, "*Sword be ſheath'd*,"—fair in the ſky,
Now cloudy, then the dawn of joy will ſpread

Its

Its warm reviving ray—and every eye
That's miſty now with ſorrow, will grow bright,
And ſmile away its tears: the ſunny beam
Of mild returning Confidence will cheer
The kindred countries:—Commerce, on her couch
Now drooping wounded, then will rear her head,
Charm'd into health;—and from her various ſtore
Will cull the ſweeteſt flowers, and form a wreath
To crown the temples of her PATRIOT KING.

ESSAY

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ESSAY

# ESSAY

## ON THE

# CONTRARIETIES

## OF

# PUBLIC VIRTUE.

SOCIETY, like thong of leather,
Faſt binds in cluſters men together;
And though it cannot be forgotten,
That ſome are ripe, and ſome are rotten,
Yet,—let it ſtill be underſtood,
They *All* promote the *General Good*.

For

For this the *Patriot*'s fire ariſes,
That glows at every trying criſis,
With each inferior ſtrife, and ſtir too,
Whence ſpring they? but from *Public Virtue.*
Tho' different plans, like ſtreams, 'tis true,
By different rills their courſe purſue;
Tho' oft they ſeem, to mortals blind,
Repugnant to the end deſign'd,
Appearing, as by error led,
To flow through many a mazy bed;
Yet ſtill at length we ſee them glide,
*Meand'ring* to the common tide.

Smile on, ye grave, in deep deriſion,
I ſhrink not from my propoſition,
But ſtill aver *all Britons* merit
The praiſe of *Patriotic Spirit*;
As far as e'er their power can ſtretch,
From N—— deſcending down to *Ketch.*

That ſtateſmen guard the public weal,
We *all* muſt own, for *all* muſt feel:
'Tis their's to watch with ardour keen,
And careful drive the grand machine;
To charm the paſſengers from fretting,
And keep the *whole* from overſetting.
But ſtill inferior hands may bring
Some little help,—may oil a ſpring,—
May point,—"There, round that corner turn ye,"
And wiſh the folks a pleaſant journey.

*All* have their uſe,—there's nothing plainer,
From this each traveller's a gainer;
And, tho' the merits be but few,
Let's give to every imp his due.
This ſocial *fire* tho' all poſſeſs,
In ſome there's nothing *blazes* leſs;
So many a cloſe attempt is made,
O'er the bright flame to hold a ſhade,

To keep their worth from being known,
While conſcience hugs itſelf alone:
As ſome of alms will never boaſt,
And look *leaſt* pleas'd when giving *moſt*.

But, Cynics, ſpare the odd behaviour,
If well you walk, ne'er blame the Pavior.
Should you, when wand'ring in the night,
Some *Scoundrel* urge to ſet you right,
Now, tho' he blaſts you with a curſe,
You'll take the *better* from the *worſe*,
Nor think the greeting ill-beſtow'd,
If while he *damns*, he ſhews the *road*;
But ſtraight jog home, no more affrighted,
Than if an honeſt *watchman* lighted.

Learn then the *beſt* to cull from evil,
As *Saints* take warning by the *Devil*:

And,—if the Muſe, whoſe judgment nice is,
Shews *Public Good* in *private Vices*,
The holieſt tongue muſt ceaſe to ſtir,
But inſtant own without demur,
While modeſt matrons ſtart at *Drury*,
The *Thief*'s as uſeful as the *Jury*,
Since both the mind ſtrong truths impreſs on,
And teach the world an aweful leſſon.
Our *various Patriots* then revere,
Their hearts are ſound, though manners queer:
Tho' ſome to outward viſion ſeem
To ſport in *Phrenzy's* antic dream,
The aims of each laborious ſelf are,
Intended for the *public welfare*.
This glorious end alone purſuing,
They, bold like *Curtius*, laugh at ruin;
For this, if we their ſchemes unravel,
They drink, whore, mortgage, game, and travel.

Enthuſiaſt

Enthuſiaſt in the paths of *Science*,
BANKS bade the ſtormy waves defiance;
Fair Nature's volume to explore,
He * *fought with ſeas* unſail'd before,
And earn'd, by *Argonautic* toil,
Freſh honours for his native ſoil:
Him *Wiſdom* lov'd, thus worthy found,
And *Britain* hail'd him as ſhe *crown'd*.

But ſay—" Can *one Advent'rer*'s claim
" Exhauſt the trumpet voice of fame?
" No garland has my country now,
" To bind another pilgrim's brow?
" Be mine the merit,"—*Florio* cries,
And croſs the *Channel* gaily flies;

* With ſuch mad ſeas the daring GAMA fought.
THOMSON.

Thro' thick and thin, drives mad and giddy on,
Now here, now there, now in meridian,
(Unleſs perchance when Louis fail,)
A *meteor*—with a fiery tail.
Think you his aim in each manœuvre,
Is but to ſcare th' aſtoniſh'd *Louvre?*
Ah no!—in all the diſſipation
He loves the int'reſt of his nation,
And, mindful of the Patriot rule,
For our *inſtruction*—plays the *fool.*

Connubial faith,—th' unbroken vow,—
How bleſt! Who dares to diſallow?
*Lothario* ſtrong in this agrees,
And—urges every wife he ſees;
Sure—if the attack ſhould fail upon her,
The ſex is happy in her honour,—
And,—if his ſtratagems ſurprize her,
Her fall may make th' unſteady wiſer.

The

The huſband from his doze may ſtart,
And, tho' he long diſdain'd her *heart*,
May look the thief with viſage fierce on,
Who dar'd defile the ſlighted *perſon*.
"Draw—draw to ſet the matter right,"—
But is *Lothario* wrong to fight?
No,—*Public Virtue* ſwells his veins,
Whoever falls,—his country gains:
This none can doubt, your feelings aſk, all;
For 'tis a *gain* to loſe a *raſcal*.

When trade unclogg'd can turn it's wheels,
The influence kind the kingdom feels;
Each hand, in fit degree and meaſure,
Contributes to the *public treaſure*.
Theſe truths NORTHUMBERLAND convince,
Who lives in juſt magnificence,
And,—while his bounty wide diſtills,
For *England's welfare*—pays his bills.

But different notions COTTA ſtrike,
For why ſhou'd *Patriots* judge alike?
It ſhocks his greatneſs to deſcribe
*How Peaſants gall the Courtier's kibe,*
An upſtart race, that *no one* knows,
Who yet have folly to ſuppoſe,
That *honeſt wealth* is better far
Than *guilt* and *want* beneath a *ſtar.*
"Let every man preſerve his ſtation:
"What's rule—without ſubordination?"
'Till wiſer heads confeſs the flaw,
And plan a ſumptuary law,
Impatient ſome redreſs to get,
See COTTA plunges into debt,
(From Bailiffs ſafe)—and much commends
This practice to his hungry friends:
So war is wag'd with every trader,
Dear Honour! leſt the rogues degrade her:

And

And what contrivance is more ſure
To *humble*,—than to keep them *poor*?

When in contention ſharp of old,
As legendary tales unfold,
Two* rival deities deſign'd
Their choiceſt preſents to mankind,
With envy kindling,—warm enforcer!
This gave an *olive*, that a *courſer*.

Thus ſome,—as other plans have miſt 'em,
Revere the *vegetable ſyſtem*,
And think their *virtue* grounded ſure
In growth of timber, and—manure.
Hence, up the ſlope plantations ſpread,
And crown the hill's once dreary head;
Hence, downward as the vale deſcends,
The harveſt ocean wide extends;

* Minerva and Neptune.

Glad

Glad *Britain*—how theſe proſpects charm her!
Her *Medal* * decks the *Patriot Farmer*,
Who counts his ſtock,—and hopes he's ſhewn,
His country's riches in his own.
Not ſo the 'Squire of boiſt'rous ſpirit,
Who, ſtudious of equeſtrian merit,
To thrifty care makes no pretences,
But ſcours the fields, and breaks the fences.
Vain may the tenant urge his ſpeeches,
New till the ſoil, and mend the breaches,
Yet no reſtraint his landlord clogs;—
Devoted as a *prey* to *dogs*,
He hates ignoble frugal ways,
And—wild in the career of praiſe,
Cries, as he ſpurs his foaming ſteed;
"To *me Old England* owes the breed."

* Medals given by the Society for the encouraging Arts and Sciences.

Do various loads the nation preſs?
'Tis noble ſure to make them leſs:
This *Vigil* does, and labours hard
To cog the *die*, or palm the *card*:
Profuſe in *packs*, as round they lie,
He often turns th' applauding eye;—
And,—though he cheats, thinks nothing of it,
Since his dear country ſhares the profit.
Keen Cenſure then her frown relaxes,
Without *conſumption* what are *taxes*?

Taxes! But "why" THERSITES growls,
"Muſt every bird be ſtripp'd by owls?
"Shall two or three, in pamper'd eaſe,
"Lay contributions as they pleaſe,
"While all the reſt, in ſtation humble,
"Tame bear the loſs,—nor dare to grumble?"

Peace,

Peace, Snarler,—Know, with ſteady ſoul
The *Patriot* can applaud the whole;
And juſtly crowns with equal praiſe
The man who *levies*, and who *pays*.

'Tis true, the Doctor of finances
By *noſtrums* oft his fund enhances:
But then his ſkill in phyſic's great,
He knows the ailments of the ſtate,
Intent, as ſuits the ſad diſaſter,
To cup, prick, purge, or ſpread a plaiſter.
A *plethora*'s now the caſe, there's needing
Strict regimen, and copious bleeding.
He therefore acts the ſubject beſt,
Who ſcorns the order to conteſt;
But claps a calm contented face on,
And yields the moſt to fill the baſon.

To give his part, thro' various ſtages
The *Manufacturer* engages;
And thinks there's merit at *his* door,
Whoſe buſineſs feeds the lab'ring *poor*,
While to the keen *Exciſeman*'s eyes
Accumulating *duties* riſe.

"Curſe on the drudge's dirty toil,"
Exclaims my haughty lord of ſoil,
(Tho' oft his title-deeds may reſt
Safe in the Us'rer's iron cheſt;)
"Unpaid let other calls remain,
"I'll ſtill uphold my *menial train*;
"Oeconomy!—'tis baſe to court her,
"Each * *Footman* is a ſtate-ſupporter,
"To baulk the cauſe a coward's ſin is,
"I'll bravely pay the *hundred guineas*."

* New tax on ſervants.

Deep

Deep *Bibo* ſoaks, and boaſts the reaſon,
" Wine's the beſt antidote to *treaſon*,
" Our bumpers *large revennes* bring,
" I drink my *Claret* for my *King*."
Yet ſtill *his* zeal by far ſurpaſſes,
Who empties firſt, then breaks the *glaſſes* *.

How *Fungus* glows with Patriot pride;
While *credit* pours an even tide!
Thus buoy'd along, thro' fairy ſcenes,
He clubs his ſhare to *ways and means*;
At length the *dun*'s inceſſant clamour
Dooms every chattel to the *hammer*;
Still there's *decorum* in his fall,
Since now the † *Auction* cloſes all.

Smile, *Walpole's ghoſt*, untaught to feign,
For *private folly*'s *public gain*:

* New tax on glaſs wares. † Ditto on Auctions.

And

And bid *old Cecil* ſmooth his brow,—
If *England thrives*,—no matter *how*.

*Veſpatian* thus, the bee of money,
From every weed could gather honey:
Tho' ſqueamiſh *Titus* leer'd and laugh'd,
The wiſer father bleſt the craft,
And, when his *bags* the *caſh* was ſure in,
Ne'er thought the *tribute* ſmelt of *urine*.

THE

# THE JUSTICE: A CANTATA.

## RECITATIVE.

COMPOS'D, the Juſtice ſat in eaſy ſtate;
A croud aſſembling, thunder'd at the gate:
The Porter, to his poſt accuſtom'd long,
Firſt aſk'd the cauſe, then introduc'd the throng:
'Midſt theſe, a Sire enrag'd, two culprits brought,
Her ſwelling waiſt proclaim'd the damſel's fault;
The young Seducer look'd abaſh'd and pale,
While thus the Father urg'd his angry tale:

SONG.

## SONG.

See that wretch, baſe ends purſuing,
Low has brought my child to ſhame—
See in her my honour's ruin,
Death of honour, death of fame!

Well to match her ripening beauty
Oft I've form'd the fondeſt ſchemes;
But this fall, this breach of duty,
Turns my hopes to idle dreams.—

Curſe the traitor's late repenting—
Vengeance, vengeance I demand—
War recruits is ever wanting—
Let him die on foreign land.

## RECITATIVE.

He paus'd—for rage his fault'ring voice oppreſt—
The magiſtrate the trembling youth addreſt,

Diſpell'd his terrors with a riſing ſmile—
And thus the youth began in artleſs ſtile.

## SONG.

If the laws I have offended,
Here for pardon let me ſue:
'Twas a crime I ne'er intended,
Love's the only crime I knew.

Love I plead, (be this prevailing)
Love in early youth begun;—
We had never known this failing,
Had yon tyrant made us one.

On our knees we oft have pray'd him,
Oft have own'd our mutual flame:
Wretched therefore if we've made him,
On himſelf muſt reſt the blame.

RECI-

RECITATIVE.

He ſpoke, and on his partner turn'd his eye,
Who deep encrimſon'd made this ſhort reply.

AIR.

Gracious Sir, this faithful youth
Well has ſpoke the voice of truth.
Kind diſpenſer of the laws,
Shew compaſſion to our cauſe—
Hear me on my bended knee—
Spare *his* life, and pity *me*.

RECITATIVE.

The Judge not long in uſeleſs ſilence ſate,
But inſtant roſe, and thus announc'd their fate.

AIR.

Relentleſs parent, ſince to me
Is now referr'd the laſt decree,

Mark and obſerve my juſt command,—
I doom him not to foreign land,
But to a ſentence mild and kind—
Be both at Hymen's altar join'd;
And may their paſſion ne'er decay,
'Till ebbing life ſhall ſink away.

RECITATIVE.

The liſt'ning croud the fair award approv'd,
The youth they favour'd, and the maid they lov'd.
While thanks and praiſes did their tongues employ,
They thus in chorus teſtified their joy.

CHORUS.

Happy pair, who thus have found
Friendſhip, when you fear'd a foe!
While the year revolves around,
May your bliſs revolving flow!

Parents,

Parents, to your children's pleaſure
Be your cloſe attention paid;
Nor for titles, pomp, or treaſure,
Cut the knot that love has made.

And to thee, thou judge of peace,
Our beſt gratitude is due;
May each couple love like theſe—
May each Juſtice act like you!

# THE HERMIT's VISION.

MILDLY beam'd the queen of night,
Sailing thro' the grey ſerene:
Silver'd by her modeſt light,
But faintly ſhone the ſolitary ſcene,
With deep'ning ſhadows mixt, and glitt'ring breaks between.

High on a cliffy ſteep, o'erſpread
With many an oak, whoſe ancient head
Did in its neighbour's top itſelf inwreath,
And caſt an umbered gloom and ſolemn awe beneath.

High

High on a cliffy ſteep a Hermit ſat,
Weighing in his weaned mind
The various turns of mortal fate,
The various woes of human kind;
Meek Pity's pearl oft ſtarted in his eye,
And many a prayer he pour'd, and heav'd a frequent
ſigh.

Silent was all around,
Save when the ſwelling breeze
Convey'd the half-expiring ſound
Of diſtant waterfalls, and gently-waving trees.

*No tinkling folds, no curfew's parting knell*
Struck the ſequeſter'd Anchoret's ear;
Remote from men he ſcoop'd his narrow cell,
For much he had endur'd, no more he look'd to fear.

But ſtill, the world's dark tempeſts paſt,
What tho' his ſkiff was drawn to ſhore,
And ſhelter'd in retirement faſt,
Yet oft his voyage he'd ponder o'er;
Oft in reflection life's rough ocean view,
How mount the ſtormy waves, how hard to ſtruggle through!

Before his ſage revolving eyes
Various phantoms ſeem'd to riſe,
Now retreat, and now advance,
And mazy twine the myſtic dance.

*Joy* led the van, in rapture wild,
Thoughtleſs of the diſtant day;
Sweet *Complacence*, angel mild,
Hied from the frantic pageant far away;
For ſhe was Wiſdom's favour'd child,
In revelry untaught to ſtray.

*Joy* led the van—her painted veſt,
Flowing to th' obſequious wind,
*Hope* had ſeiz'd, with flutt'ring breaſt,
And eager tripp'd behind.

Gay ſhe ſtepp'd, till buſy *Fear*
Whiſper'd in her ſtartled ear
" How many a cup is daſh'd with gall,
" How many an evil may befall!"
Aghaſt awhile ſhe heard the ruthful ſong,
Then faſter ſeiz'd the robe, and haſtier danc'd along.

Cloſe *Love* follow'd in the train,
Love, the queen of pleaſing pain:
Placid now in dear delight,
Madd'ning now in deep affright,
And prying keen with jaundic'd eye,
Pierc'd by the ſting of hell-born *Jealouſy*.

'Twixt

'Twixt *Pride* and *Luſt of Grandeur* led,
Next *Ambition* rear'd her head,
By *Phrenzy* urg'd o'er every bar to riſe,
And ſeize the viſionary prize:
Wild as ſhe ruſh'd, ſhe ſcorn'd to mark the ground,
Yet many a ſlip ſhe made, and many a fall ſhe found.

Pale as the waning moon,
With tear-ſtain'd cheek and ſtupid gaze,
Withering before life's ſunny noon,
*Grief* crept along in ſad amaze,
By many a ſtroke to keeneſt miſery brought,
Now in a ſhower diſſolv'd, now loſt in inward thought.

As the rous'd Tiger gaunt and fell
Kindles into cruel rage,

With

With flaſhing glare, and murd'rous yell—
Thus *Anger* paſt th' ideal ſtage,
Too fierce for wounds or groans to feel,
Onward ſhe ſprung, and ſhook the bloody ſteel.

While far behind, with ſilent pace and ſlow,
*Malice* was content to go,
Patient the diſtant hour to wait,
And hide with courteous ſmiles the blackeſt *hate*.
Secret long her wrath ſhe'd keep,
'Till time diſarm'd the foe, then drove her poniard *deep*.

To Malice link'd, as near allied,
*Envy* march'd with baneful lour;
*Detraction* halted by her ſide,
Upheld by *Falſehood's* feeble power.—

" No more!—no more!" the holy Seer exclaim'd,
" Paſſions wild, unbroke, untam'd,
" Muſt ſure the human heart o'erthrow,
" And plunge in all the energy of woe.

" Grant then the boon, all-gracious Heav'n,
" Let reaſon ever take the helm;
" Left, by unheeded whirlwinds driv'n,
" The pinnace frail ſome guſt may overwhelm!

" Hang out the friendly lamp, that clear
" From Error's perils ſhe may ſafely ſteer;
" Till death ſhall bid each trial ceaſe,
" And moor the ſhatter'd bark in peace!"

# THE

# FIELD OF BATTLE.

FAINTLY bray'd the battle's roar
Diſtant down the hollow wind;
Panting terror fled before,
Wounds and death were left behind.

The War-fiend curs'd the ſunken day,
That check'd his fierce purſuit too ſoon;
While, ſcarcely lighting to the prey,
Low hung, and lour'd the bloody moon.

The Field, ſo late the hero's pride,
  Was now with various carnage ſpread;
And floated with a crimſon tide,
  That drench'd the dying and the dead.

O'er the ſad ſcene of drearieſt view,
  Abandon'd all to horrors wild,
With frantic ſtep *Maria* flew,
  *Maria*, Sorrow's early child;

By duty led, for every vein
  Was warm'd by Hymen's pureſt flame:
With *Edgar* o'er the wintry main
  She, lovely, faithful, wanderer, came.

For well ſhe thought, a friend ſo dear
  In darkeſt hours might joy impart;
Her warrior, faint with toil, might chear,
  Or ſoothe her bleeding warrior's ſmart.

Tho' look'd for long—in chill affright,
(The torrent burſting from her eye)
She heard the ſignal for the fight—
While her ſoul trembled in a ſigh—

She heard, and claſp'd him to her breaſt,
Yet ſcarce could urge th' inglorious ſtay;
His manly heart the charm confeſt—
Then broke the charm,—and ruſh'd away.

Too ſoon in few—but deadly words,
Some flying ſtraggler breath'd to tell,
That in the foremoſt ſtrife of ſwords
The young, the gallant *Edgar* fell.

She preſt to hear—ſhe caught the tale—
At every ſound her blood congeal'd;—
With terror bold—with terror pale,
She ſprung to ſearch the fatal field.

O'er the ſad ſcene in dire amaze
She went—with courage not her own—
On many a corpſe ſhe caſt her gaze—
And turn'd her ear to many a groan.

Drear anguiſh urged her to preſs
Full many a hand, as wild ſhe mourn'd;—
—Of comfort glad, the drear careſs
The damp, chill, dying hand return'd.

Her ghaſtly hope was well nigh fled—
When late pale *Edgar*'s form ſhe found,
Half-bury'd with the hoſtile dead,
And bor'd with many a griſly wound.

She knew—ſhe ſunk—the night-bird ſcream'd,
—The moon withdrew her troubled light,
And left the Fair,—tho' fall'n ſhe ſeem'd—
To worſe than death—and deepeſt night.

MORTA-

# MORTALITY.

'TWAS the deep groan of death
That ſtruck th' affrighted ear!
The momentary breeze,—the vital breath
Expiring ſunk!—Let Friendſhip's holy tear—
Embalm her dead, as low he lies.—
To weep another's fate, oft teaches to be wiſe.

Wiſdom! ſet the portal wide,—
Call the young, and call the vain,
Hither lure preſuming Pride,
With Hope miſtruſtleſs at her ſide,
And Wealth, that chance defies, and greedy Thirſt of Gain.

Call the group, and fix the eye,—
Shew how awful 'tis to die.—
Shew the portrait in the duſt:—
Youth may frown—the picture's juſt,—
And tho' each nerve reſiſts—yet yield at length they muſt.

Where's the viſage, that awhile
Glow'd with glee and roſy ſmile?
Trace the corpſe,—the likeneſs ſeek—
No likeneſs will you own.
Pale's the once ſocial cheek,
And wither'd round the ghaſtly bone.

Where are the beamy orbs of ſight,
The windows of the ſoul?
No more with vivid ray they roll—
Their ſuns are ſet in night.

Where's the heart, whoſe vital power
Beat with honeſt rapture high,—
That joy'd in many a friendly hour,
And gave to mis'ry many a ſigh?—

Froze to a ſtone!—And froze the hand
Whoſe graſp affection warm convey'd;
Whoſe bounty fed the ſuppliant band,
And nouriſh'd Want with timely aid.

Ah! what remains to bring relief,—
To ſilence agonizing grief,—
To ſoothe the breaſt in tempeſt toſt,
That thrilling wails in vain the dear companion loſt?

'Tis the departed worth, tho' ſure
To gaſh the wound, yet works the cure:—

'Tis Merit's gift alone to bloom
O'er the dread horrors of the tomb;
To dry the mourner's pious ſtream,
And ſoften ſorrow to eſteem.

Does Ambition toil to raiſe
Trophies to immortal praiſe?
Truſt not, tho' ſtrong her paſſions burn,
Truſt not the marble's flattering ſtile,
—Tho' Art's beſt ſkill engrave the urn—
Time's cank'ring tooth ſhall fret the pile.—

FRIEND-

# FRIENDSHIP.

DISTILL'D amidſt the gloom of night,
Dark hangs the dew-drop on the thorn;
'Till, notic'd by approaching light,
It glitters in the ſmile of morn.

Morn ſoon retires, her feeble pow'r
The ſun outbeams with genial day,
And gently, in benignant hour,
Exhales the liquid pearl away.

Thus on Affliction's ſable bed,
Deep ſorrows riſe of ſaddeſt hue;
Condenſing round the mourner's head,
They bathe the cheek with chilly dew.

Tho' *Pity* ſhews her *dawn* from Heaven,
When kind ſhe points aſſiſtance near;
To *Friendſhip*'s *Sun* alone 'tis given
To ſoothe and dry the mourner's tear.

THE

# THE CURATE.

## A FRAGMENT.

I.

O'E'R the pale embers of a dying fire,
His little lampe fed with but little oile,
The Curate ſate (for ſcantie was his hire)
And ruminated ſad the morrowe's toil.

II.

'Twas Sunday's eve, meet ſeaſon to prepare
The ſtated lectures of the coming tyde;
No day of reſte to him,—but day of care,
At manie a Church to preach with tedious ride.

III.

Before him ſprede, his various ſermons lay,
Of explanation deepe, and ſage advice;
The harveſt gained from manie a thoughtful daye,
The fruit of learninge, bought with heavy price.

IV.

On theſe he caſt a fond but tearful eye,
Awhile he pauſed, for ſorrowe ſtopped his throte,
Arrouſed at lengthe, he heaved a bitter ſighe,
And thus complainde, as well indeed he mote:

V.

"Hard is the ſcholars lot, condemned to ſail
"Unpatronized o're life's tempeſtuous wave;
"Clouds blind his ſight; nor blows a friendly gale,
"To waft him to one port—except the grave.

"Big

VI.

" Big with preſumptive hope, I launch'd my keele,
" With youthful ardour, and bright ſcience fraughte;
" Unanxious of the pains, long doom'd to feel,
" Unthinking that the voyage might end in noughte.

VII.

" Pleaſed on the ſummer-ſea I daunced a-while,
" With gay companions, and with views as fair;
" Outſtripp'd by theſe, I'm left to humble toil,
" My fondeſt hope abandon'd in deſpair.—

VIII.

" Had my ambitious mind been led to riſe
" To higheſt flights, to Croſier and to Pall,
" Scarce could I mourn the miſſinge of the prize,
" For ſoaringe wiſhes well deſerve their fall.

" No

IX.

" No tow'ring thoughts like theſe engag'd my breaſt,
" I hoped (nor blame, ye proud, the lowly plan)
" Some little cove, ſome parſonage of reſt,
" The ſcheme of duty ſuited to the man;

X.

" Where, in my narrow ſphere ſecure, at eaſe,
" From vile dependence free, I might remain,
" The guide to good, the counſellor of peace,
" The friend, the ſhepherd of the village ſwain.

XI.

" Yet cruel fate denied the ſmall requeſt,
" And bound me faſt, in one ill-omened hour,
" Beyond the chance of remedie, to reſte
" The ſlave of wealthie pride and prieſtlie pow'r.

" Oft

XII.

" Oft as in ruſſet weeds I ſcour along,
" In diſtant chappels haſtilie to pray,
" By nod ſcarce noticed of the paſſing thronge,
" 'Tis but the *Curate*, every childe will ſay.

XIII.

" Nor circumſcribed in dignitie alone
" Do I my rich ſuperior's vaſſal ride;
" Sad penurie, as was in cottage known,
" With all its frowns, does o'er my roof preſide.

XIV.

" Ah! not for me the harveſt yields its ſtore,
" The bough-crown'd ſhock in vain attracts mine eye;
" To labour doom'd, and deſtin'd to be poor,
" I paſs the field, I hope not envious, by.

" When

XV.

" When at the altar ſurplice-clad I ſtand,
" The Bridegroom's joy draws forth the golden fee;
" The gift I take, but dare not cloſe my hand;
" The ſplendid preſent centres not in me."

DONNING.

# DONNINGTON CASTLE.

BLOW the loud trump of war,—wide to the gale
Unfurl the painted banner,—from the breaſt
Tear the mild ſympathies of charity,
And fan the battle's fire.—What boots it now
If Briton fight with Briton!——Is there one
To whom theſe ſhouts give joy? can there be one
So ſteel'd, ſo frantic with envenom'd rage
Of party feud, as to forego the mark
Of fair humanity?—Reckleſs to pluck
The bloſſoms from the olive, and dye them red
Deep in a brother's blood?—If ſuch there be

(Cain's

(Cain's heir legitimate) O let him turn
His fierce eye to the deſolated crown
Of many a batter'd hill,—to many a heap
Of ruins ſcatter'd thro' this worried land,
Scenes once of civil ſtrife, but now become
Familiar to the lowlieſt village ſwain.
If there be one within this fertile vale
(Fertile thro' peace) who yearns for acts of blood,
Direct his view, Divine Benevolence!
To yonder awful, but inſtructive pile
Of grandeur fallen,—on the indented ridge
Stands eloquent the ſiege-worn monitor,
That ſpeaks from every ſtone;—from ev'ry wound
That bor'd its ſtrong, yet vain reſiſting ſide
Truth tells a ſolemn leſſon.—To the ear
Of warm poetic fancy ſpeaks the ghoſt
Of Chaucer, prime of bards, who caught the ſouls

Of *Ladies* born for love, and e'en could lure
For ſome ſoft ſeaſon the ſtout rugged hearts
That fill'd the ſteel-clad warriors of his age,
And made them liſten to his Syren voice
Half-angry—yet unwilling to be gone.
'Tis *Chaucer* hails, from the drear ivy'd tower,
The gaze of idle viſitants,—but once
The ſeat of all the Muſes,—where his court
Kept *Phœbus*, gladden'd at the pow'rful call
That woo'd him to our Albion :—round him play'd
Old Comus jocular, with many a glee
Promoting ſocial laughter ;—many a Grace
Stole in amidſt the chearful throng, and ſooth'd
The baſhful maiden, while with bluſhing joy
She hearken'd to her all-accompliſhed *Knight*.
*Chaucer*, the prime of bards !—with feſtive ſong
Oft has he charm'd the variegated groupe

Within yon ancient walls,—walls that no more
Reſound with jocund minſtrelſy.—The owl
There ſhrieks her ominous note, the raven hoarſe
Joins in the horrid diſcord: direful change!

POVERTY

# POVERTY.

HIE thee hence! thou ſpectre foul,
Fiend of miſery extreme;
Hence! nor o'er yon dwelling ſcowl
With blaſting eye, while to thy haggard ſcream
The midnight wolf accords his famiſh'd howl,
And madd'ning wretches loud in agony blaſpheme.

Hence!—from the artleſs bard keep wide aloof—
Fly rather to *his* hated roof,
Who, deaf to Mercy's ſoft controul,
Can ſteel with rugged edge the ſoul;
Plund'ring, unmov'd the orphan's cry can hear,
Or from the widow'd lip the ſcanty morſel tear:—

But paſs *him* by, the *wooer* mild
Of *Genius*, friend to all, *Nature's ingenuous child.*

Conſtant toil, and coarſeſt fare,
Long indeed the village hind
In ſilent apathy may bear,
While o'er his brow Health's roſy wreath is twin'd:
While his paſſions ſluggiſh flow,
Borne on life's pacific round;
Nor aims his higheſt wiſh to know
Beyond the hamlet's pale, his grandſire's fartheſt bound.

Yet, rous'd to feeling, much he mourns his lot,
When the pale viſage of Diſeaſe
Frowns on his humble *cot*,
When ſinks his drooping front, and bend his feeble knees.

*There*, oft, unheeded on the ground,
May Sickneſs, Age, and Want be found,
United *all* in one forlorn abode,
Of grief each ſingly own'd a melancholy load.

From the damp and earthy bed
The ſufferer lifts his aching ſight in vain:—
Deſpair hangs weeping o'er his head:
Sad pallet this for eaſe! ſad comforter in pain!

Fly, ye rich, unbidden fly,
Pour your oil, and pour your wine:
Wipe from tears the miſty eye;
Charity's a ray divine—
A ray that lights the ſoul with brighteſt beam to ſhine.

Why withhold the little boon?
Seems it much, ye ſons of wealth,

Glitt'ring moths of ſunny noon—
Plum'd with gold of joy and health?
O think! a blaſt may come, yourſelves may periſh ſoon!

Yet, different in this common ſtate,
What different care attends your happier fate!
Fading you may ſure receive
All wayward fancy craves, all ſoothing art can give:
While, with equal wants oppreſt,
The child of Miſery heaves his lab'ring breaſt,
Cheer'd by no kind aſſiſting powers,
Scarce with ſuch crumbs ſuſtain'd as hungry Health devours.

Melt, in ſoft compaſſion melt,
Ye gentle, wail th' unletter'd peaſant poor:
Yet keener far, as more ſeverely felt,

Does Penury haunt th' ill-omen'd ſcholar's door;
*He* calls for all your tears; give theſe, if nothing more.

Warm'd his ſoul with genial flame
In youth's gay ſpring was bid to riſe,
To pant for ſcience, thirſt for fame,
And hope fair Merit's golden prize.

Much he hop'd, for many a tale
Of praiſe was echo'd to his ear;
Full many a promiſe (flatt'ring gale!)
Foretold the wiſh'd-for port was near.

Awhile it blew,—then dy'd away,
Like breezes with declining day,
And left him, wond'ring wretch! forſaken quite,
In Poverty's dead calm, and Diſappointment's night.

What avails th' expanded mind,
Tutor'd in the choiceſt lore?
The ſuffering *body* lags behind,
Nor lets the riſing ſpirit ſoar:
Call'd home,—what Stoic pride the ſoul can ſteel,
When every ſinew's rack'd, and every nerve muſt feel?

What avails the glowing heart,
The eye that gliſtens at diſtreſs;
The wiſh all bleſſings to impart,
Or make at leaſt a brother's ſorrow leſs?
From Trouble's ſpring the deepeſt draught *he* drew,
Who mourns his own hard lot, and weeps for others too.

At the ſad miſtaken gate
When the maim'd veteran takes his ſuppliant ſtand,
Struck with the hapleſs warrior's ſtate,
Sudden the pitying tenant gives his hand.—

—'Tis

——'Tis empty—See! his lids o'erflow,
To ſend undol'd away the hoary ſon of woe.

Love too—for in the lowlieſt cell
Chaſte love with pureſt flame may dwell—
His love—what ſorer can befall?
Is doom'd to ſour its ſweets, and daſh his cup with gall.

Before the huſband's and the father's eyes
Stormy clouds in proſpect riſe,
The future orphan's cry, the widow's groan;
Theſe and more he makes his own—
For ah! the faithleſs world by him too well is known.

For theſe the homely robe, the ſcanty board,
While life in toil is ling'ring on,
The drudge of ſcience may afford:—
But where's the friend will cheer, when that poor life is gone?

No friend may riſe, but many a foe
Will deck his viſage with a ſmile,
Will hide in ſofteſt words the baſeſt guile,
And, while he ſoothes the moſt, will ſtrike the deepeſt blow.

Hence the pang, and hence the tear,
When his daughter's rip'ning bloom
Swells into agony his fear
Of the fell ſpoiler's den—fair Virtue's early tomb.

THE

# THE

# HARP.

BORNE on Fancy's wing along,
High ſoars the bard's enraptur'd ſoul:
Round him floats the joy of ſong,
Round him airs extatic roll:
Reſiſtleſs charm! each ſwelling vein
Owns the accuſtom'd flame, and throbs to pour the
ſtrain.

Spirit of Oſſian!—thro' the gloom
Of ages deepen'd into night,
See it burſting from the tomb,—
O'er it gleams a holy light!

See!

See! it waves its maſter-hand;
Aſſembling o'er the heath quick glide the minſtrel band.

They wake the ſleeping chords!—the magic tone
(That ſooth'd the dying warrior's groan,
That lur'd to ſing the lateſt breath,
And mock'd with ſmiles the frown of death,)
Ideal, now renews the powerful ſpell;
The lift'ning ſhades, a griſly hoſt,
Spring from the narrow cell,
And hail with lengthen'd ſhout th' enchanter's mighty ghoſt.

Thine too, Cadwallo! whom to ſave
In vain the heavenly ſcience ſu'd,
Starts from *Arvon*'s rocky grave
With bloody ſtreams embru'd.

Bound in the brotherhood of woe,
The *Druid* choir unites, their tears harmonious flow.

Wild as they ſweep th' aerial lyre,
Arreſting faſt the paſſive ear,
Fiercer glows the poet's fire,—
O melody belov'd! O art for ever dear!

Ruthleſs tyrant,—yield to fate:—
Nor Folly's ſcorn, nor Rancour's hate,
Tho' op'ning wide the ſluice of gore,
Could quench the ſkill divine, could drown the myſtic lore.

Long!—long indeed 'twas mute! thy feeble prey,
Fall'n the hoary minſtrels lay:—
While, ſick'ning o'er the mournful ground,
The conquer'd bands oft turn'd the ear in vain:

No

No more was heard the ſoul-inſpiring ſound,—
—But, faſter in Deſpair's ſad fetters bound,
Each hung his head amaz'd, and dragg'd the ſervile chain.

Wint'ry, thus the ſtorm of war
Froze into ſloth the captive mind:
'Till growing Freedom burſt the icy bar,
And loos'd the arts that hell for ever ſtrove to bind.

DISAP-

# DISAPPOINTMENT.

## *A FRAGMENT.*

I.

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II.

So figh'd *Horatio*, on a tomb reclin'd,
Beneath a mould'ring chapel's ivy'd wall:
His ruin'd hope o'ergloom'd his fickly mind,
And bade the head to droop—the tear to fall.

III.

*Horatio*, to whoſe lot was not deny'd
Keen Senſibility with *all* her woes:
By many a *painful* teſt his heart was try'd;
*His* was the *thorn*, while *others* won the *roſe*.

IV.

Yet, why ſhould thorns his honeſt breaſt invade,
Since all the Charities were fondled there?
*Why* ſhould thy ſeat, Benevolence, be made
The haunt of hapleſs Grief, and pining Care?

V.

Fill'd with an ample ſoul, that would adorn
Fair Independence, he began his day:
Full many a *promiſe* ſmil'd upon his morn:
Morn chang'd to eve,—each promiſe dy'd away.

VI.

He wiſh'd,—nor can you call his wiſhes bold;
He hop'd,—for ſure his friends were not a few
He hop'd,—for many a flattering tale was told,
And the ſafe harbour pointed to his view.

VII.

The ſoft deluſion play'd before his ſight
Juſt to miſlead;—for ſoon, alas! he found
His dawn of joy o'ercaſt with ſudden night,
His air-built viſion totter'd to the ground.

# THE NAVY.

## *A FRAGMENT.*

DOWN the variegated ſide
Of *Edgecombe*'s far-recorded Knowl,
(Joy of Nereids, *Cornwall*'s pride)
Where Art extends her mild controul
But juſt to check what Nature's liberal hand
Has ſpread in gay luxuriance wide
Of rocks, dells, groves, a fairy land;
The Muſe, aſtoniſh'd, trac'd her ling'ring way,
Unſettled what to leave, and wond'ring where to ſtay.

# FRAGMENT.

SCRANNEL, pipe of ſcanty tone,
Yield the prize, and yield it due—
*Pan*, if here, muſt ſurely own,
From thee no heavenly rapture grew—
Thine's the frolic to advance,
Ruſtic joy, and ruſtic dance.—
Merry glee, in many a round
Tripping o'er the daiſy'd ground,
Prais'd thy note, while rival feet
Strove thy movements faſt to meet.—

# A

# TALE.

## Founded on an Incident at St. VINCENT's Rocks, 1779.

HIGH on the cliff's tremendous ſide,
That frowning hangs o'er Avon's tide,
Three laſſes chanc'd to ſtray:
To pluck the caſual flow'rets bent,
Regardleſs of the rough aſcent,
They wound their dangerous way.

'Till, ſlowly mounted to the height,
They turn'd their view in wild affright,

And

And ſhudd'ring mark'd the ſteep:
O! then, what grief bedew'd each eye,
To think one ſlip, one ſtep awry,
Might plunge them in the deep!

A Prieſt, whom ſoft emotions preſs
To ſuccour damſels in diſtreſs,
That inſtant trod the ſhore;
With happy ſtrength and ſteady pace
Safe to the rock's time-moulder'd baſe
Each trembling nymph he bore.

Learn then this truth;—the careleſs hour
May ſeek a gay, but treacherous flower,
Whoſe honey turns to gall:
While the kind parſon's timely aid
May reſcue many a tott'ring maid,
And——ſave from many a fall.

# EARLY GREY HAIRS.

O'ER my head, e'en yet a boy,
Care has thrown an early ſnow—
Care, be gone!—a ſteady joy
Soothes the heart that beats below.

Thus, tho' Alpine tops retain
Endleſs winter's hoary wreath;
Vines, and fields of golden grain,
Cheer the happy ſons beneath.

BAGATELLE.

# BAGATELLE.

EVERY hour a pleaſure dies—
What is thought, but nurſe to ſorrow?—
He, that wiſhes to be wiſe,
Lives to day, and mocks to-morrow.

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## On the BIRTH-DAY of Miſs S. C.

I.

EXULTING on the balmy gale,
When Flora wakes the May-dew morn,
The Roſe-bud all with rapture hail,
Sweet glory of the lovelieſt thorn!
Each day refines the rich perfume—
Glad Flora ſmiles—The zephyr blows—
While op'ning with a gradual bloom
The favourite ripens to a Roſe.

II. Thus

II.

Thus in our Sufan's ſhape and face,
  Reſpondent to her angel ſoul,
The growth of each attractive grace
  We mark—as annual circles roll.
Advance, ye years!—And ev'ry charm,
  Which Venus boaſts, ſhall ſure be given;
While foſt'ring Friendſhip joys to form
  Her mind, the faireſt work of Heaven.

VERSES

# VERSES

Occaſioned by hearing that a Gentleman at the HOTWELL, BRISTOL, had written Satirical Verſes on a LADY. 1779.

FOR nobler purpoſes deſign'd
Than puny war to wage,
What cauſe can ſink a hero's mind
To worſe than woman's rage?

What female fault can rouſe the ſoul
To dip the ranc'rous quill?
How juſtify th' invenom'd ſcroll
One female fame to kill?

If

If frailty aims the ſlight offence,
What man perceives the ſmart?
O! let not bravery and ſenſe
Return the feeble dart.

O'er the ſoft ſex love gladly throws
Its adamantine ſhield,
And few are ever known their foes,
Or try th' inglorious field.

Thus on the form of Beauty's queen
One only Greek was found,
Rough Diomed, with weapon keen,
Who dar'd inflict a wound

OSSA QUIETA, PRECOR, TUTA REQUIESCERE IN URNA,
ET SIT HUMUS, CINERI, NON ONEROSA, TUO.

Ovid.

THE END.